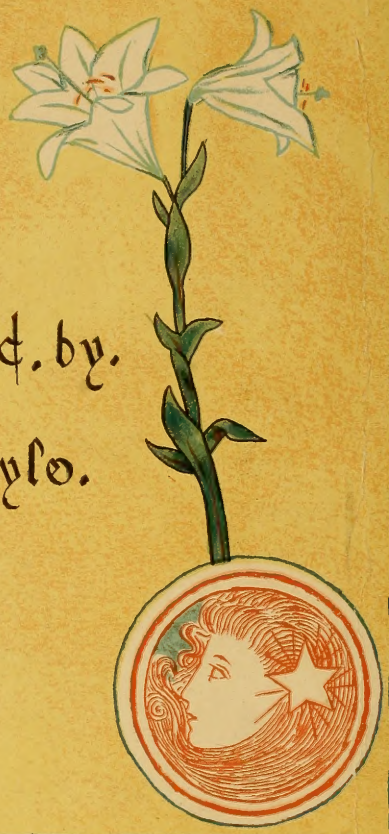

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IS:WRITTEN:OF:THE:CAS
TLE:WHEREIN:WAS:IMBOW
ERED:THE:FAIRY:LADY:
THE:FIRST:PART:IN:WHICH:
art
I


A DESCRIPTION OF THE CASTLE
On either side the River lie
Long fields of barley and of Rye
That clothe the wold and meet the sky
And thro the field the road runs by
To many towered Camelot
And up and down the people go
Gazing where the lilies blow
Round an island there below
The Island of Shalott:

On either side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye,
That clothe the wold and meet the sky;
And thro' the field the road runs by
To many-tower'd Camelot;
And up and down the people go,
Gazing where the lilies blow
Round an island there below,
The Island of Shalott.


The people
passing the
Island

THE FAIRY LADY OF SHALOTT

IN THE SPACE OF FLOWERS


A DESCRIPTION OF THE SAME:
Flows white
aspens turne
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Through the wave that runs forever
By the island in the River
Flowing down to Camelot
Four gray walls and four gray towers
Overlook a space of flowers
And the silent isle imbowers
The Lady of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Thro' the wave that runs forever
By the island in the river
Flowing down to Camelot.
Four gray walls, and four gray towers,
Overlook a space of flowers,
And the silent isle imbowers,
The Lady of Shalott.


THE BOAT: PASSING: ALONG: THE
RIVER:
Slide the barges heavy sailed
Their horses and unhailed
Gyrfalcon flitteth silken-sailed
Skimming down to Camelot
But who hath seen her wave her hand
Or at the casement seen her stand
Or is she known in all the land:
The Lady of Shalott:

By the margin, willow-veil'd,
Slide the heavy barges trail'd
By slow horses; and unhail'd
The shallop flitteth silken-sail'd
Skimming down to Camelot:
But who hath seen her wave her hand?
Or at the casement seen her stand?
Or is she known in all the land,
The Lady of Shalott?


God spede yᵉ good






her singing:
how the reapers hear
Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Through the wave that runs forward
And the wave that runs backward
Before the approaching tempest.
I see the lights of Camelot,
Seven towers on seven hills round.
Four gray walls, and four gray towers,
Overlook a space of flowers,
And the silent isle imbowers
The Lady of Shalott.
Under tower and balcony,
By garden-wall and gallery,
A pale pale corpse floats by,
Dead-pale between the houses high,
Dead-pale to the market-place,
Dead-pale to Camelot.
Only reapers, reaping early
In among the bearded barley,
Hear a song that echoes cheerly
From the river winding clearly,
Down to towered Camelot:
And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
Listening whispers "tis the fairy
Lady of Shalott."

Only reapers, reaping early
In among the bearded barley,
Hear a song that echoes cheerly
From the river winding clearly,
Down to tower'd Camelot:
And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
Listening, whispers "'Tis the fairy
Lady of Shalott."


:: THE WOON HEAR: HER: SING ::
THE: WEARY: REAPERS: BEHEAGH.


THE:SECOND:PART:RELATING:TO:THE:SIGHTS:THAT
THE:FAIRY:LADY:WOVE:IN
TO:THE:MAGIC:WEB:
PART
II


HOW·CHEERILY·WEAVETH·
DAY·BY·DAY
THE·LADY·OF·SHALOTT
Heresye·weaves
by·night·and·day
A·magic·web·of·colors·gay.
She·hath·heard·a·whisper·say
A·curse·is·on·her·if·she·stay
To·look·down·to·Camelot.
She·knows·not·what·that·curse·may·be
And·so·she·weaveth·steadily
And·little·other·care·hath·she·
The·Lady·of·Shalott.

There she weaves by night and day
A magic web with colors gay.
She has heard a whisper say,
A curse is on her if she stay
To look down to Camelot.
She knows not what the curse may be,
And so she weaveth steadily,
And little other care hath she,
The Lady of Shalott.


WHAT THE REAPERS
A
IN THE MIRROR:
Mid passing thro'
a mirror clear:
That hangs before her all the year:
Shadows of the world appear:
There she sees the highway near:
Winding down to Camelot:
There the River eddy whirls:
And the surly village churls:
And the Red cloaks of market girls
Pass onward from Shalott:

And moving thro' a mirror clear
That hangs before her all the year,
Shadows of the world appear.
There she sees the highway near
Winding down to Camelot:
There the river eddy whirls,
And there the surly village-churls,
And the red cloaks of market girls,
Pass onward from Shalott.


IN·THE·MIRROR·
STILL·THE·POD
M·SPEARETH·OF
THE·SIGHTS·WITH
Sometimes a troop
of damsels glad.
An abbot on an ambling pad.
Sometimes a curly shepherd lad.
Or long-haired page in crimson clad.
Goes by to tower'd Camelot.
And sometimes through the mirror blue
The knights come riding two and two.
She hath no loyal knight and true.
The Lady of Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,
An abbot on an ambling pad,
Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,
Or long-hair'd page in crimson clad,
Goes by to tower'd Camelot;
And sometimes thro' the mirror blue
The knights come riding two and two:
She hath no loyal knight and true,
The Lady of Shalott.


All in the Valley by the River
Two little Birds with Golden Wings
Sing all the Day and Sing all the Night
Two little Birds with Golden Wings
Sing all the Day and Sing all the Night
All in the Valley by the River
Two little Birds with Golden Wings
Sing all the Day and Sing all the Night
Two little Birds with Golden Wings
Sing all the Day and Sing all the Night
All in her web
she still delights:
To weave the mirrors magic sights:
For often through the silent nights:
A funeral with plumes and lights:
And music went to Camelot:
Or when the moon was overhead:
Came two young lovers lately wed:
"I am half sick of shadows" said:
The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights
To weave the mirror's magic sights,
For often thro' the silent nights
A funeral, with plumes and lights,
And music, went to Camelot:
Or when the moon was overhead,
Came two young lovers lately wed;
'I am half sick of shadows,' said
The Lady of Shalott.



ART


A
OF THE COMI
NG·OF·SIR·LANC
ELOT THE·BOLD
RSE IS SPOKEN·
IN·THIS·VE
bow-shot·fRom·the·bower-edges
He·Rode·between·the·barley-sheaves
The·sun·came·dazzling·through·the·leaves·
And·flamed·upon·the·brazen·greaves·
Of·bold·Sir·Lancelot·
A·Red·Cross·Knight·forever·kneels
To·a·lady·in·her·shiel
That·sparkled·on·the·yellow·field·
Beside·remote·Shalott

A bow-shot from her bower-eaves,
He rode between the barley-sheaves,
The sun came dazzling thro' the leaves,
And flamed upon the brazen greaves
Of bold Sir Lancelot.
A red-cross knight forever kneel'd
To a lady in his shield,
That sparkled on the yellow field,
Beside remote Shalott.


THIS VERSE SPEAKETH ALSO OF LANCELOT THE BOLD:
Like to some bRanch of stARS we see:
hung in the golden Galaxy:
The bRIGht bedAzzled mARtin flies:
As he Rode down to Camelot:
And FROm his blazoned baldRic slung:
A mighty silveR bugle hung:
And as he Rode his aRmoR Rung
Beside remote Shalott:

The gemmy bridle glitter'd free,
Like to some branch of stars we see
Hung in the golden Galaxy.
The bridle bells rang merrily
As he rode down to Camelot:
And from his blazon'd baldric slung
A mighty silver bugle hung,
And as he rode his armour rung,
Beside remote Shalott.


THE THIRD VERSE DESCRIBETH ALSO THE COMING OF THE BOLD KNIGHT
A
In the blue
Thick-jewelled shown the saddle-leather
The helmet and the helmet
Burned like one burning flame together
As he rode down to Camelot:
As often through the purple night
Below the starry clusters bright:
Over hill Shalott:

All in the blue unclouded weather
Thick-jewell'd shone the saddle-leather,
The helmet and the helmet-feather
Burn'd like one burning flame together,
As he rode down to Camelot.
As often thro' the purple night,
Below the starry clusters bright,
Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
Moves over still Shalott.

THE GALLANT KNIGHT SIR LANCELOT: THE FOURTH VERSE DESCRIBING



A broad clear brow
In sunlight glowed:
On burnished hooves his war horse rode:
From under neath his helmet flowed
His coal-black locks as on he rode:
As he rode down to Camelot
From the bank and from the River
He flashed into the crystal mirror:
"Tirra lirra." by the River
Sang Sir Lancelot

His broad clear brow in sunlight glow'd;
On burnish'd hooves his war-horse trode;
From underneath his helmet flow'd
His coal-black curls as on he rode,
As he rode down to Camelot.
From the bank and from the river
He flash'd into the crystal mirror,
'Tirra lirra,' by the river
Sang Sir Lancelot.





THE·LADY·BRINGS·THE·CURSE·
UPON·HER:



She·left·the·web:
She·left·the·loom:
She·made·three·paces·through·the·room:
She·saw·the·water·lily·bloom:
She·saw·the·helmet·and·the·plume:
She·looked·down·to·Camelot:
Out·flew·the·web·and·flew·wide:
The·mirror·cracked·from·side·to·side
"The·curse·has·come·upon·me·cried
The·Lady·of·Shalott.

HP

She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces thro' the room,
She saw the water-lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,
She look'd down to Camelot.
Out flew the web and floated wide;
The mirror crack'd from side to side;
'The curse is come upon me,' cried
The Lady of Shalott.




IN·WhiCh·ThE·FAIRY·LADY·DIE
Th· SWANLIKE·IN·SONG:·
PART
IV

IN·WHICH·THE·FAIRY·LADY·SEEKS·

THE·RIVER:-



On the stormy east-wind straining.
The pale yellow woods were waning:
The broad stream in his banks complaining
heavily the low sky raining
Over tower'd Camelot
Down she came and found a boat
Beneath a willow left afloat;
And round about the prow she wrote:
The Lady of Shalott.

In the stormy east-wind straining,
The pale yellow woods were waning,
The broad stream in his banks complaining,
Heavily the low sky raining
Over tower'd Camelot;
Down she came and found a boat
Beneath a willow left afloat,
And round about the prow she wrote
The Lady of Shalott.




A
Wᵗ down the River's
dim expanse
Like some bold seer in a trance
Seeing all his own mischance
With a glassy countenance
Did she look to Camelot
And at the closing of the day
She loosed the chain and down she lay
The broad stream bore her far away
The Lady of Shalott

And down the river's dim expanse
Like some bold seër in a trance,
Seeing all his own mischance—
With a glassy countenance
Did she look to Camelot.
And at the closing of the day
She loosed the chain, and down she lay;
The broad stream bore her far away,
The Lady of Shalott.



Lying Robed:
in snowy white:
That loosely flow to left and right:
The leaves upon her falling light:
Thro' the noises of the night:
She floated down to Camelot:
And as the boat-head wound along:
The willow hills and fields among:
They heard her singing her last song:
The Lady of Shalott:

Lying, robed in snowy white
That loosely flew to left and right—
The leaves upon her falling light—
Thro' the noises of the night
She floated down to Camelot:
And as the boat-head wound along
The willowy hills and fields among,
They heard her singing her last song,
The Lady of Shalott.

THE LADY OF SHALOTT



Four a carol mournful holy:
Chanted loudly chanted lowly:
Till her blood was frozen slowly:
And her eyes were darkened wholly:
Turned to towered Camelot:
For ere she reached upon the tide:
The first house by the water side:
Singing in her song she died:
The Lady of Shalott:

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
Till her blood was frozen slowly,
And her eyes were darken'd wholly,
Turn'd to tower'd Camelot.
For ere she reached upon the tide
The first house by the water-side,
Singing in her song she died,
The Lady of Shalott.


THE·DEAD·LADY·FLOATETh·DOWN·YE
STREAM·TOWARD·CAMELOT:·




Q
UER·towER·
and·balcony:
By·gaRden-wall·and·gallERy:
A·gleaming·shape·she·floated·by,
A·coRse·between·the·houses·high
Silent·into·Camelot:
Out·upon·the·wharfs·they·came:
Knight·and·baRgheR·lord·and·dame:
And·Round·the·pROw·they·Read·heR·name:
The·Lady·of·Shalott:

Under tower and balcony,
By garden-wall and gallery,
A gleaming shape she floated by,
Dead-pale between the houses high,
Silent into Camelot.
Out upon the wharfs they came,
Knight and burgher, lord and dame,
And round the prow they read her name,
The Lady of Shalott.







"O. is this
Land. what is here.
And. in the lighted palace near
Died. the. sound. of. Royal. cheer;
And. they. crossed. themselves. for. fear:
All. the. Knights. at. Camelot.
But. Lancelot. mused. a little. space;
he. said. "She. has a lovely. face
God. in. his. mercy. lend. her. grace.
The. Lady. of. Shalott."

Who is this? and what is here?
And in the lighted palace near
Died the sound of royal cheer;
And they cross'd themselves for fear,
All the knights at Camelot:
But Lancelot mused a little space;
He said, 'She has a lovely face;
God in his mercy lend her grace,
The Lady of Shalott.'







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